THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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Your Will:

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick in mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries Inc. (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland and its successors forever the sum of $..... for its general purposes."

If you have already made your will, it is not necessary to make a new one. It is sufficient that a codicil be added, using the above form.

The Symbol on Our Cover:

The cross and the serpent signify Christ under the figure of the brazen serpent, raised up by Moses in the desert, which healed all who gazed on it. The dish beneath the serpent's tongue is the cup of charity. The whole is a Christian adaptation of the caduceus, ancient symbol of the medical profession. It epitomizes our aim —to put the profession of medicine in the service of the missions.

Our Cover This Month:

Sister M. Marcella DuBrul, S.C.M.M., M.D., Cincinnati, O., shows little Keola the statue of "Anandi ka karan" (Hindi for "Cause of Our Joy") at Holy Family Hospital, Patna, India.

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

8400 Pine Road

Sister M. Christine, S.C.M.M., Editor

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THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

Who they are:

The Medical Mission Sisters are a religious community devoted to the care of the sick in the missions. Some of the Sisters are doctors, nurses or pharmacists; others are engaged in secretarial, household and similar duties necessary for medical mission work.

Main Activities

Hospitals, dispensaries, home visiting, leprosaria, training native nurses, training native compounders, maternity and child welfare clinics, establishing native Medical Mission Sisterhoods.

To cope with the numerous requests from mission bishops for medical mission centers, many vocations are needed.

Houses of the Society

Motherhouse and Novitiate— 8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Pa.
House of Studies—6th & Buchanan Sts., Washington 17, D. C.
Postulate; Osterley, Middx. England
Heerlen, Holland

Missions

PAKISTAN
Holy Family Hospital—Rawalpindi
Holy Family Hospital—Karachi
St. Michael's Hospital—Mymensingh

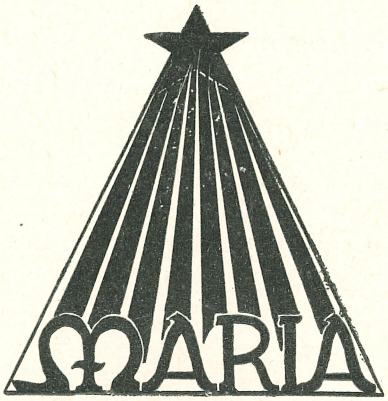
INDIA
Holy Family Hospital—Patna
Holy Family Hospital—Mandar

INDONESIA
Maternity Clinic, Stella Maris Hospital, Makassar, Celebes

AFRICA
Holy Family Dispensary—Berekum, Gold Coast

UNITED STATES
Catholic Maternity Institute
Santa Fe, New Mexico
The Catholic Colored Clinic
Atlanta, Georgia

None But The Valiant...



"Never in the course of the history of humanity have events required on the part of woman so much initiative and daring, so much fidelity, moral strength, spirit of sacrifice and endurance of all kinds of sufferings, in a word, so much heroism. . ."

Pope Pius XII*

These words of our Holy Father sum up the challenge of the times to the Christian woman. A hundred years of feminism have rushed woman into a position fraught with danger. On one hand, in the countries of the Orient, she sees the unenviable place accorded woman in a non-Christian civilization. This is a constant reminder of the bondage from which Christianity and Mary freed her. On the other hand, if woman forgets her fundamental dignity based on her God-given privileges, if she uses the freedom that the modern world accords her only for the aggrandisement of her ego, she will lose all the ground she has gained. The vulgar and demoralizing attitude towards woman in modern literature, radio and movies foreshadows a plunge into a degradation worse than her former state.

Keeping Mary as her star, the modern Christian woman must carve a place for herself with "initiative and daring." With "fidelity and moral strength" she must accept the new responsibilities in politics, social service and the professions. She must use her opportunities and influence to make a better world, as Mary did, that through her, as through the Woman of the Prophecy, the serpent's head may be crushed anew. But this salvation of the modern world, like that of all humanity, must be purchased through suffering. The Christian woman must stand with Mary at the foot of the Cross. The indispensible quality for this valiant imitator of Mary is "heroism."

**From the Allocution of His Holiness to the Congress of the International Union of Catholic Women's Leagues, September 11, 1947.*

"Logbolte Hain"

By Sister M. Leonie Tummers, S. C. M. M., M. D.

"Sister-ji, I would like to see Banti."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Mohamed Ullah, and I am Banti's uncle."

"Impossible. Banti is a Hindu."

Lowering his voice so that only Sister could hear, he said, "My real name is Tarlochan, Banti's uncle. I live in Jhelum."

To test him, Sister asked, "What are the names of Banti's father and mother, and how many brothers and sisters has she?"

He gave the correct information. Sister made him wait while she asked Banti whether she had an uncle Tarlochan from Jhelum.

"Would you recognize your uncle, Banti?"

"Of course, Sister-ji."

So Mohamed Ullah, complete with fez was brought to the poor girl. She almost fell out of bed in her eagerness to greet him, and began to sob.

Banti was a Hindu refugee from Kashmir. She had been with us almost two months, convalescing from a bad case of typhoid fever. Because of her pretty face, we had to be very careful about so-called relatives. It was our responsibility to guard her, and give her over only to the government authorities who transported refugees to India, or to her family with official approval after the family ties had been established.

But the remarkable thing about this instance was: How did this man living in Jhelum come to find out that the girl was in Holy Family Hospital? She was cut off from her family when the Azad-Kashmir forces invaded her village. A Mussulman captain took her to a camp in Pindi. When she developed typhoid fever, she was admitted into our hospital. She could have sent no letter or message as far as we knew, since she was unconscious or delirious most of the time. How does news of this sort travel?—the mysterious Indian grapevine.

"You know, Sister, it is really remarkable." This time it was a Jesuit Father in Patna speaking. "When Father Westropp goes to Gajhi, one of his old stations, he must take a train, and then travel the last few miles on his bicycle. Father starts from Patna. No letter has been sent to announce his arrival. But after a few stations, people start to collect to pay their respects to their beloved 'Father Westarop.' At the end station, quite a crowd has collected in order to help Father cover the last few miles, for they know Father is not permitted to cycle any more. But *how* do they know?"

* * *

I arrived in Patna after an absence of five years. The next day, the husband of one of my old patients met Sister at the postoffice, and asked her to give me his salaams, "because he had heard in the bazaar that the Sister who was here before came back." Another one of my old friends, a delightful character who had brought us many a patient, came running up to me. "I just came to tell you that . . . " and she proceeded to give me the detailed medical history of everyone of her numerous family, and that of all the neighbors, from the day I had left up to the present time. *How* did they know I was back?

* * *

At the end of the roza, the well-known Mohammedan fast, the new moon has to be *seen* by some one before the "Id" is celebrated. Every so often the feast is postponed a day because the moon was not *seen*. As soon as the first strip of moon is seen, the news spreads like wild fire. One time I said to one of our kitchen boys:

"Did *you* see the moon?'

"Oh, no, but it was seen in Bombay."

"But how do you know here?"

"By means of the 'logbolte hain'."

And that explains the mystery of it all—"Logbolte hain" "people talk," the Indian name for the grapevine telegraph.

MISSION INTENTION FOR MAY

"VOCATIONS OF YOUNG WOMEN FOR THE MISSIONS"

By Sister M. Pauline, S. C. M. M., R. N.

A challenge rings out today to our young Catholic women to take their place in the front ranks of missionary effort in the vast mission fields. At no other period in history has the world been in more dire need of the Christian doctrine of love and peace, which it is the privilege of missionaries to preach by their word and example.

In earlier centuries woman was handicapped by her lack of higher education in all the literary and scientific fields and consequently could not take a complete active part in missionary work. But today when all the opportunities of literary and scientific training are at her disposal, she may develop all her gifts—intellectual, moral and spiritual—with which she is endowed by God and thus be fully qualified to take an active part in the foremost ranks of missionary effort. Her womanly power for loving and giving, like the heart of Mary that "gave all that it held to give and ever more", is beautifully enlarged and nurtured by a devoted and self-sacrificing generosity of her whole self to the people under her care.

The fields are *white for the harvest,* and the *harvesters* must come from our American young women. Formerly Europe sent out large numbers of men and women missionaries to labor for Christ's kingdom, but in the wake of two World Wars, their ranks of religious have been so depleted that even their pastoral needs at home cannot be met.

In all branches of missionary education and medical work, our young women will find ample scope for their initiative and education. The commendable progress made by missionaries in education is already well-known; but the medical mission field has been scarcely touched as yet. It was not until the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide in 1936 allowing religious women to practice medicine in all its phases that Sisters were allowed to engage in medical work in its full professional scope, this despite the fact that medical mission work has been called "Christianity in *action*" and "the living expression of the *motherly* character of the Church."

Medical mission work is an untapped apostolic field which is thirsting for the spiritual courage and adventure peculiar to American youth. It offers a life filled with a joy that only a generous and self-sacrificing service of others can give and the realization that we are bringing the greatest gift we have—our *Faith*—to those who sit in darkness; giving our talents and energy to those suffering and afflicted.

Challenges are nothing new to the young women of America. They answered their country's need when the urgency of a great World War pressed them into all branches of the Armed Forces. Their heroism and resourcefulness throughout the eventually victorious campaign fills us with the confidence that they will meet in a more outstanding and courageous manner still, Christ's call for missionary soldiers to establish His kingdom throughout the world.

MISSION HOSPITAL IN BENGAL

By Sister M. Benedict Young, S. C. M. M., M. D.

"Oink! Oink! Honk!" So many new and strange sounds had come into my sub-consciousness during the last few weeks that the cataloguing of them had become a major problem. I struggled desperately to discern exactly to what the above belonged, but was saved the effort as Sister M. Bernard came in breathlessly and asked, "Sister have you seen the key to the gate? It's another load of rubble (pieces of broken brick of various sizes) arriving."

The noise, which you have probably decided was made by a pig, came from the horn of the truck standing at our front gate. When a truck goes down the road in this part of the world, the natives run to look at it. The fact that a vehicle can travel under its own power is still a mystery to them. Sometimes when I see them stand and stare in wonder, I think that at home we would look at these relics ourselves, but only to marvel that such a decrepit piece of machinery can *still* navigate. The newest truck is of 1929 vintage. Such parts as the horn have long since gone the way of all material things. Attached to the front, in a convenient position, there is a huge horn with an equally large rubber bulb at one end. It was this contraption that was emitting the weird noises.

Building a hospital in the tropics is quite different from building one at home. The poor Bishop considers often and long what buildings are needed. He talks the proposition over with a group of veteran missionaries who have been selected to serve on his building committee. When the meeting convenes it is with quite a different aspect than the analogous gathering at home. The committee members have had to travel for days to reach the Bishop's house. Instead of arriving in automobiles, they either come on foot, in a rickshaw, or on a bicycle; the most fortunate of them might possibly have gotten a "hop" in a jeep. The Bishop calls the meeting to order around an old wooden table.

One of the members is selected to see that the building is erected. To be the "chosen one" is a dubious honor, as it means that this Father must turn architect, builder, contractor, plumber and electrician all in one. Months before the Fall of 1948 many meetings and decisions had taken place, and the result was the hum of activity in our compound.

If you were to arrive in our railroad station on the noon train from Dacca (it usually comes in sometime before 4 p.m.) you would descend from the compartment with great difficulty. First, you would be very stiff from having tried to make yourself comfortable on the benches which were intended for the cross-legged squatting position of the natives. Secondly you would be wishing you were a squirrel or a monkey, or some other animal with the power of prehension, since the steps seem almost perpendicular. Let me take you to our hospital-in-the-making via the road along the Brahmaputra for about a mile. I know you are feeling awfully shaken up, as you are not used to the bouncing of the rickshaw. Don't be afraid—the rickshaw wallahs are used to dodging the spots where the monsoons have washed big craters in the road. Those are rice fields on either side of us. There is our gate. We might as well walk up the path.

That small body of water on the left with the brick steps going down into it is called a tank. I know you are surprised to see it. The first time I saw it I thought it strange that so many of the people in this part of the world had duck ponds in their front yards. If you were a native you would be taking your daily "snan" (bath) in that tank. Now we are approaching the convent. The first floor has been here for a long time. When it was decided that this was to be the location for our hospital a second story was added. Let's stop for a minute to watch the "wood mistries" (carpenters).

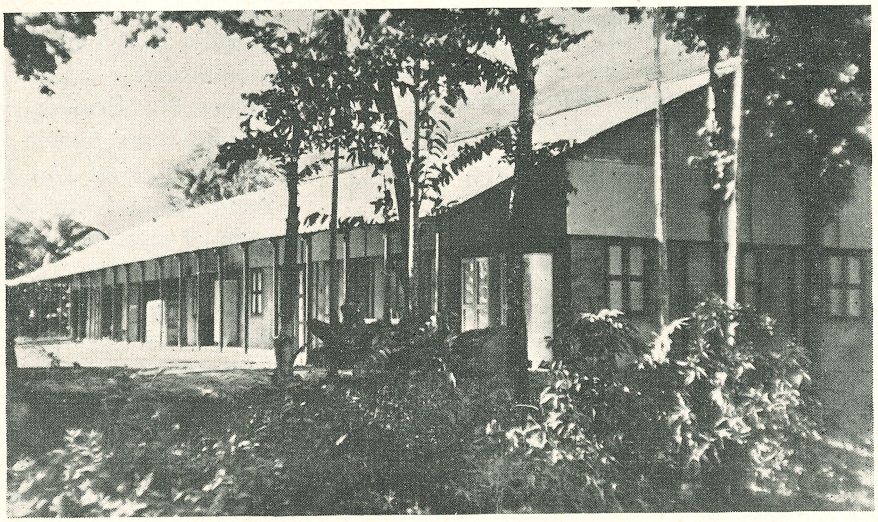
They start with a tree, and saw and carve

until doors, windows, tables, chairs and anything else you can think of come into being. Over there on the left, strapped to that platform of four bamboo poles you see that big log. That is about one-fourth of the tree which was in the way when Father started to lay the foundation for the hospital. The man on top of that log, and the two below are "sawyers." If you listen closely you will hear that they move that long two-handled saw to the rhythm of their humming. Isn't it clever how they saw the planks to a uniform thickness without measuring them? All you have to tell them is how many planks you want from each log.

The other noise is the coolies humming as they wash the rubble and sort it into sizes. Father is going to use it to make the foundation. Truck loads of rubble and brick have been brought. There is Father now. Poor man, he surely has had his troubles. The rain lasted longer than usual and that held the work back. Then building materials were very hard to get. He had to wait weeks for bricks. One day he and Brother rode seven miles on their bicycles when they heard that there was some cement available in another village.

Does it seem strange to you that all the posts (framework) are in before the foundation? That is because you can never have a cellar in Bengal due to the dampness. Hence the foundation has to hold the pillars in place.

All this preliminary work took place about two months ago. In the meantime the walls are up and the roof is on. The tube-well has been dug, and the plumbing is in. The electric mistries have just finished, and from morning to night for the past two weeks we have been unpacking boxes from America. Our 18 room hospital with its 30 beds and a dispensary (O.P.D.) has at last, after much struggle and hard work, taken on three dimensions.



St. Michael's Hospital Mymensingh, Bengal, was officially opened on March 19.

Mission Intention for June: "Japanese Neophytes"

Visit To

By Sister Agnes Mari

Introductory note:

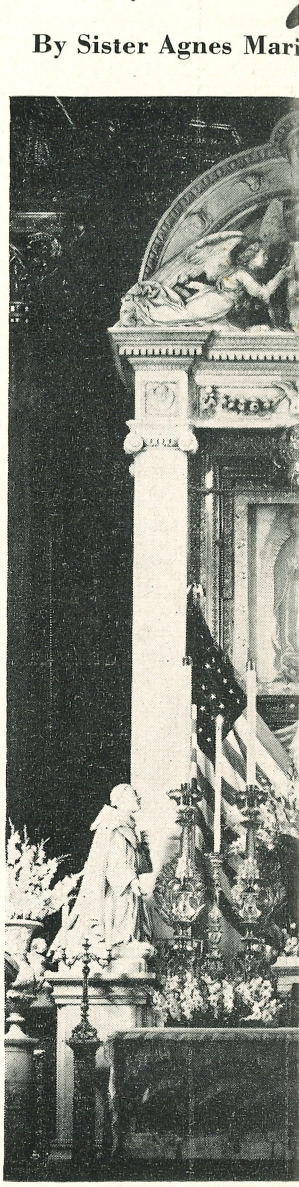
The first apparition of Our Lady in the New World took place on December 9, 1531. As Juan Diego, an Indian, hurried across Tepeyac, a hill some 3 miles north of Mexico City, he heard his name called by a voice of incredible sweetness. In a burst of light, he saw a young Indian girl, clothed in a rose colored gown and a blue mantle, who sent Juan to tell the bishop that she was the Mother of God and wished a temple built in her honor on this spot, "from which my love may go out to all your people." Fray Zumarraga, bishop of Mexico City, unbelieving, asked a sign from the vision. Juan reported this request to the Lady on Tepeyac, and she promised to return the morning of the 12th, and give him a sign. But, during that very night, Juan's uncle, Juan Bernadino, to whom he was very devoted, fell sick. Towards morning, he asked his nephew to call a priest to anoint him. Juan decided that his uncle's sickness was more urgent than his appointment with the heavenly Lady. In his simplicity, Juan thought to evade the Lady by going around Tepeyac instead of over it. But there she stood in his path, smiling. He need not worry about his uncle, she had cured him. Now he must take the roses growing on the mountain to the bishop. She herself arranged the blossoms in his tilma (a rude cape woven of cactus fibers) and sent him on his way. Once in the bishop's presence, Juan dramatically flung open his cape. The roses dropped to the floor, filling the room with their fragrance. The bishop fell on his knees. Juan followed the gaze of the prelate, and beheld on his tilma a glowing picture of the Lady of his vision. She had told her name to Juan Bernadino—"Our Lady of Guadaloupe."

It is almost 450 years since Our Lady appeared to Juan Diego. Today a Basilica stands as the silent tribute of the love of a people who have fought poverty and persecution to do honor to the Virgin. The Basilica is very large and rather simple, at least when compared with the other ornate Mexican churches. The Indians claim it as their own, and rightly so; they built it with their mites and their hands.

During the persecution, when many of the churches were being closed, the Aztecs stood guard day and night for years and defied the soldiers to come and close the Virgin's Church, as they call it. The Indians were so numerous that the government was afraid to try it. So there remained one place where these poor people could come for comfort and help.

Consequently a whole bazaar grew up around the church; for after papa had stood guard for months, mama and the youngsters gradually came and took up their abode there. You can buy almost anything, clothing, food in any and all stages, devotional articles and trinkets of all kinds. The summer is perpetual, so many of the shopkeepers just curl up on their mats along the street. It is difficult to get into the Basilica because one has to duck in and out under the canvass tops of the street side shops. The whole place seems cluttered, but somehow that dwindles into insignificance when one reaches the Basilica. Such devotion these people have!

The picture of Our Lady, which is the original, is larger than I expected, very devotional and very beautiful. It has not faded these 450 years, and now bright spotlights are on it all during the day. The Virgin promised Juan Diego that she would comfort all who came with sincere devotion and she has never failed, nor will she.

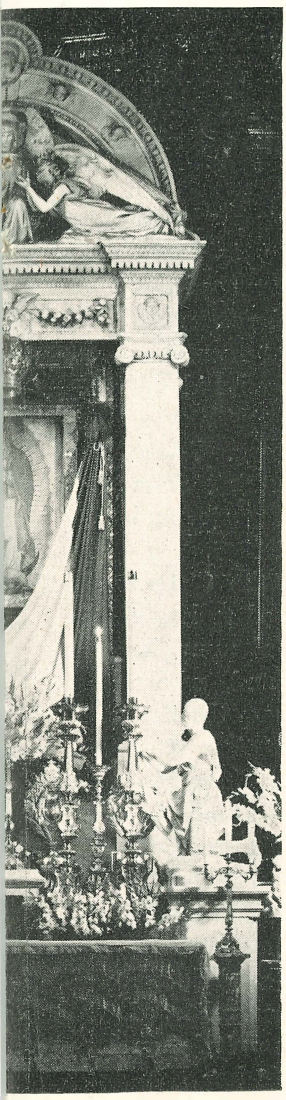


"No one who seeks m need or affliction wi soled."

You can feel Our Lady's presence. That is the most striking thing on entering the church. If you know the history it is understandable. The next thing that strikes you is the devotion of the people. From 6 a.m. to 8 p.m., the time that the church is open, it is filled, and usually it is crowded. Everybody goes there, rich and poor, young and old. The first Mass is at 6 a.m. There are high Masses and solemn high Masses right

Guadaloupe

e, S. C. M. M., R. N.



e here with a genuine
ll turn away uncon-

up until noon. The Canons chant the office and a male vested choir of secular men and boys sing the Masses.

All day long people go from the rear to the sanctuary, that is, to the feet of the Virgin, on their knees. The Basilica is long and the floor is of marble! Then when they get to the front, many kiss the floor or say a rosary with outstretched arms. Their simplicity is admirable. It really does one's heart good to see an elegantly dressed lady or gentleman go up that long aisle on their knees. The poor, who are very numerous, are in all manner of dress—some shod, many unshod. I saw one little mother who was teaching her tot of about 1½ devotion to the Virgin. The kiddie was barefooted and mama insisted she do that long aisle on her knees. The youngster would get tired and try to creep, but mama just let her rest for a minute and then insisted that she get back on her prayer bones and start off again.

One morning at 8:30, and again at 10:30 a large pilgrimage of Indians from a far off district came. The priests always meet the pilgrimage at the door, and then the people and the flowers start coming in, and there seems to be no end. They carry mammoth floral designs, easily 8 or 12 feet tall and 6 feet wide, in a bier. These are deposited in the sanctuary. There may be several of these and hundreds of bouquets, whole armfuls, of flowers. In the pilgrims come and come and come, filing up to the front into the sanctuary and into the large area between the pews and the sanctuary. Then they start filling the pews. The bouquets of flowers are placed in a brass trough which extends from the center aisle to the far end of the Basilica on either side. There may be a Mass, or sometimes just a sermon or prayers. Usually the Indians have their drums and other instruments which they play at the entrance.

That evening there was another pilgrimage. The first floral offering was a basket of deep red and white gladiolas, which was as big as a small room. On the handle in red and white flowers, was inscribed "WORKMEN", and on the body of the basket—above all things in Mexico—the word "FORD". Hundreds and hundreds came straight from their garages in their khaki coveralls with "Ford" written across their backs. It was an inspiring sight to see those tired workmen come to pay their respects to Our Lady at the end of the day.

On one side of the Basilica is the Blessed Sacrament Chapel, where there is perpetual adoration. The Knights of Guadaloupe keep watch all night, and the public during the day. Holy Communion is not given during Mass, but is distributed in this chapel. The server rings a bell, and all who wish to receive Holy Communion try to make their way to the right where the chapel is located. The priest carries a huge bowl-shaped ciborium, and gives Holy Communion to innumerable pilgrims. When he is through he kneels down and waits a while; then the server rings his bell and the priest starts over again. This goes on until mid or late forenoon.

Before coming home we went to Pueblo, about 90 miles from Mexico City, the city of 365 churches. On the way we passed a village from which 9,000 men make an annual pilgrimage on foot to Guadaloupe. They take their mats and curl up along the road at night. They stay at the Basilica several days and then trudge back. At present the women are taken in busses. It is *the* event of the year. A visit to Guadaloupe is that for any pilgrim.

LIGHT BEHIND THE LAMP

By Sister M. George, S. C. M. M., R. N.

Must a nurse of today consider herself only the "professional woman, a doctor's assistant" as some insist? Must she lay aside love and compassion for her patients in order to serve the demogogue of "efficiency"? The life of Florence Nightingale, heroine of the nursing world, is the best refutation of all this sophistry.

As a child, Florence Nightingale was intensely interested in growing and living things. As she matured, she transferred this interest and sympathy to human beings. She developed an urgent desire to care for the sick, but obstacles lay in her path. The first was her parents. Her father, more or less pliant to her wishes, was dominated by her mother. The latter was very much against a career of nursing for her daughter. The second difficulty was in the status of nursing itself at this time. No self-respecting English woman was a nurse. Hospitals were not universally as bad as they are sometimes depicted for this century. Continental countries had Catholic hospitals maintained at the highest ethical standard both in theory and practice. Yet England had none of which she could boast.

Beyond England was Germany, where Theodore Fliedner and his wife, at Kaiserwerth, were bringing nursing into practical being. It was there that Florence Nightingale studied for three months before going to Rome for a vacation. While in Rome she met Doctor Manning, later, as a convert to the Catholic Church, Cardinal Manning. This was the first real beginning of Catholic influence on the life of Florence Nightingale, as Cardinal Manning remained her life long friend.

It was to Cardinal Manning in 1852 that she turned to have arrangements made for a visit to the Sisters of Charity in Paris. Again her parents and friends opposed her wishes, but Florence was not to be deterred. Accordingly, she went to Paris to continue her studies of nursing. Here she found the best surgeons in the world along with sympathetic and expert nursing care. These nuns showed her Christian nursing done with meekness and humility, grace and devotion.

After this first contact with the Sisters in Paris, Miss Nightingale desired to know more about the Catholic hospital nuns. In consequence, she went to Ireland, where she took some personal notes from the Sisters of Mercy in Dublin. A short time after this, she returned again to Paris. These Sisters were probably the greatest Catholic influence on the life of Florence Nightingale.

When offered a position as superintendent of a nursing institution in London, Florence found ample opportunity to put into practice all the theories she had been evolving. These theories took the form, in actuality, of the principles that Catholic hospitals on the continent had taught her. In her Harley Street Nursing Home, nurses were taught to be fellow-workers of God. The ignorant, callous and indifferent women who had been posing as nurses, were being replaced by educated, sympathetic and kindly ones. This latter attribute of kindness was especially stressed by Florence Nightingale, for, as she herself said, "in after times the patient may forget the efficiency, but will always remember the kindness of the nurse."

In the meantime, Cardinal Manning was encouraging Florence Nightingale in her

work of bettering nursing and hospitals. At the same time, he was quietly attempting to draw her closer to the "mind of the Church." That his influence was realized by her is shown in the context of her letters to him. It was evident that she was undergoing some spiritual struggle. Her mind was as the shifting sands of the sea while the "battle of the Faith" warred on. She wrote, "conviction alone hangs back." To add to her turmoil, her family was outspoken in their frownings on the Catholic Church. Affection for her family seems to have been a particularly vulnerable spot. Yet she had continued her studies despite their emphatic opposition to nursing. But in regard to the Catholic Church, it was not to be so. The best solution to this vexing question is simply, that she did not have the "gift of Faith."

The life of Florence Nightingale might have been spent in quietly seeking to improve nursing through her training school on Harley Street. But national events gave her phenomenal influence in her chosen field. The Crimean War catapulted nursing, or rather, the lack of it, before the eyes of the British people. France had already sent nursing Sisters to the battle front, but England was lamentably incapable of giving even the most essential care to her wounded soldiers. The government was only too glad to accept Miss Nightingale's generous offer to organize the nursing care at the Scutari Hospital. With ten Catholic Sisters, eight Anglican Sisters, and about twenty other nurses, she departed for the Crimea. Conditions of indescribable horror were conquered with heroic self-sacrifice and courage. It was here that Florence Nightingale earned the title of the "Lady with the Lamp" as she continued to minister to the wounded late into each night. At the end of the war, Florence wrote to the Reverend Mother who had worked with her during the whole ordeal, thanking her for the help of the Catholic Sisters, and above all, for the inestimable spiritual and moral examples. As one author asks, "Who dare say that the achievements of the nursing profession in the Crimean War were not wrought through Catholic influence?"

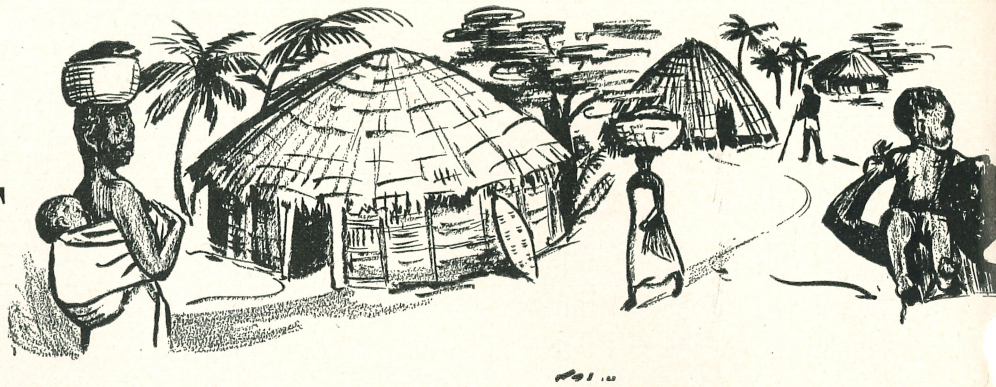
Permission of Johnson & Johnson

Florence Nightingale

After her return to England, Florence established her own training school for nurses. The "Nightingale Nurses" were in demand for the superintendency of hospitals throughout the world. For the rest of her long life (she died in 1910 at the age of 90) she worked untiringly for the improvement of nursing and nurses. Her war experiences had given her a special interest in the health of the soldiers. She made unceasing efforts to obtain better living conditions and better medical care for the enlisted men. Her concern in this matter extended even to the colonial army in India.

This woman of the nineteenth century was able to grasp firmly Catholic moral and ethical teachings, and to apply them to nursing. The world, at first dubious of a young woman of culture devoting her time and life to the sick, even in her own life time acclaimed, and continues to praise, her generosity and kindness, her competency and driving force that combine to make the "Lady of the Lamp" the symbol of hope and compassion, and a guide to the nurse of today.

GOLD COAST NEWS



Every one was at the school grounds to witness the Berekum Chief's investiture in the King's medal for Chiefs, so we closed the dispensary and went along. The award was given in recognition of Nana's achievements since his enstoolment in 1941. (The chiefs are not crowned, but placed on the "sacred stool" as recognition of their authority.)

All the petty chiefs of the Berekum State attended the ceremony with their courts. We counted some fifty-four umbrellas, varicolored and gold fringed and several feet in diameter. These umbrellas were bounced up and down to the music of flutes and drums. As each chief, accompanied by his retinue, approached to shake hands with the presiding government official we had an opportunity to study the different court dress of the executioners, guards, drummers, court jesters, attendants carrying staves, etc. As each chief came forward, the talking drums beat out the proverb or motto by which the people knew his identity.

The day after Christmas we went to visit Bonduku, a mission station about sixty miles northwest of us. Driving up country we left the forest region and passed through the savannah lands. Here the soil is not as fertile as in the forest and the crops (and people) are poorer than in the cocoa region. Onions grow best, (it is called the land of onions) and they with yams and rice form the principal produce. In this section the natives were familiar with the Fathers in their white cassocks, but they had never before seen Sisters. They crowded around to see the "Father-baa" (female fathers!), and some of them could not take their eyes off our white shoes.

The swish buildings, mud plastered over a lattice work of bamboo, are typical of houses in the Gold Coast.

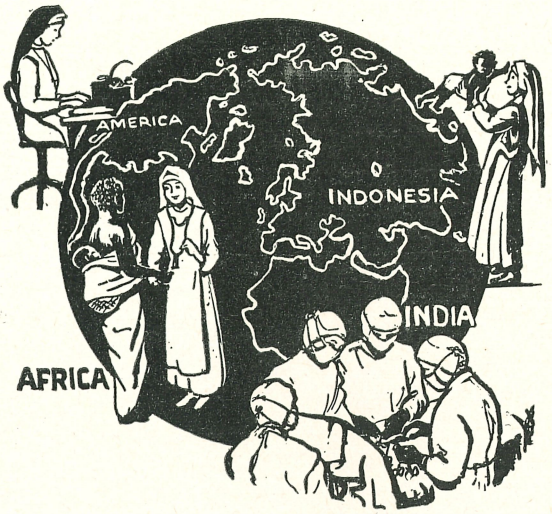
An interesting side note is this: all government houses are required to have small cat holes in the walls connecting the rooms, so that pussy may have free access to all parts of the house, and can keep down the rodent population even when her master is away and the house is locked up.

At last we have a cook, and a fine one. John is his name. Several weeks ago when Sister Margaret Mary came back from Tachiman after nursing a sick Father, the grateful Christians sent her off with several dozen eggs and a fine little black hen. The hen made herself quite at home, and showed her contentment by laying a tiny egg every morning. During this dry season, production falls off and eggs are scarce in the market, so the cook has come to depend on the black hen's daily egg. One morning Sister asked John if he had made the biscuits. "Oh, no Sister, the hen she has not laid the egg yet." Our eggs are strictly fresh!

Speaking of eggs, one of the most interesting snakes here on the Gold Coast is the egg-eater, and it is a real specialist at obtaining its food. We are told that it has a series of projections from the backbone into the throat which break the egg shell neatly and safely when it has been swallowed. The contents follow the regular food channels, and the shell is returned empty.

Sister M. Raphael

AT HOME AND ABROAD



Philadelphia

Reverend Clifford J. King, S. V. D., originator of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, spoke at the Motherhouse on March 21. Father King told of the questionnaire he sent out in 1917 to arouse interest in a student mission movement, and of the grand response it received. He also told of his experiences in the missions of China, and in the Philippines under Japanese occupation. Father King attended the national convention of the C. S. M. C. at Notre Dame last summer.

Sister M. Cecilia, S. R. N., S. R. M., returned to the Motherhouse March 24, after ten years in India. Her latest mission before sailing was to help in the foundation of the new St. Michael's Hospital, Mymensingh, Bengal.

The Medical Mission Sisters extend their heartiest congratulations to His Excellency, the Most Rev. Charles H. Helmsing, who was consecrated Titular Bishop of Axomis and Auxiliary Bishop of St. Louis.

Departures

Sister M. Camillus, R. N. left the Medical Mission Sisters' house in Osterley on March 10, to go to Antwerp and sail on the "David Livingston" for Takoradi, Gold Coast, the nearest sea port to Berekum. She arrived safely on April 4.

On May first the departure ceremony for Sister M. Kathleen and Sister M. George was held at the Motherhouse. Rev. Luke Zeigler, O.F.M., Conv., of Trenton, New Jersey gave an address to the departing missionaries. Benediction followed, with the Rev. Charles J. Mahoney, C.S.C., presiding.

Sister M. Kathleen, R.N. of Jersey City, New Jersey, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Fitzgerald. A graduate of Jersey City Medical Center School of Nursing, Sister M. Kathleen was a member of the Army Nursing Corps prior to her entrance into the Society.

BY AIR TO PAKISTAN

Sr. M. Kathleen, R.N.

Sr. M. George, R.N.

Sister M. George, R.N., graduated from St. Francis Hospital School of Nursing, La Crosse, Wisconsin. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Johnson of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Both Sisters will go by plane to Rawalpindi, Pakistan, where they have been assigned to Holy Family Hospital.

Santa Fe

Sister M. Theophane, director of the Catholic Maternity Institute, attended the seventeenth annual convention of the National Conference on Family Life, held in San Francisco. The topics discussed at the convention were: The economic and the family; the Christian ideology of marriage and the family life; religion and the home; inspirational activities for family betterment. Mrs. Frances Donohoe of San Francisco received the Family Catholic Action Award of the Family Life Bureau, N. C. W. C., for 1949.

Rawalpindi

Holy Family Hospital
Rawalpindi, Pakistan

Sister M. John made a jubilant announcement the other day. She had actually engaged in her first Urdu conversation, and her partner had understood her! This is a real milestone in every missioner's career, and only those who have experienced it can realize what a big thrill it gives.

The well now has an electric pump attached to it, and so far is giving plenty of water. The walls of the east wing of the new hospital are being plastered, and the whiteness adds a great deal of light to the rooms. The plumbing and the electric wiring is also going in, but it will be about three months before the sinks, etc. arrive.

I was going down the old hospital's corridor the other evening when a burkah-clad woman stepped from one of the rooms. The opening for the eyes was so small that she probably could see very little. At any rate she suddenly rammed into me—full force—with some object she had under her burkah. It could have been a catastrophe, because the object was a tiny one-month old baby. The poor child let us know his opinion in no uncertain terms.

We have a good mali (gardener) at the new hospital, so we hope the trees will do better this year than those of last year. The ground is such hard barren clay, and needs manure before it is good for growing things. However, the vegetable garden is doing quite well. Almost every day now we bring in baskets of spinach, onions radishes, carrots and what-not. It hasn't been a money making affair, but it gives work to some of our refugees, and helps the food shortage. We have more cabbages, cauliflower and turnips now than our hospital needs, so the workmen and refugees get the rest. We put in hundreds of tomato, egg plants and potato plants.

Indian money is no longer legal tender in Pakistan, and vice-versa. It can be exchanged at the Imperial Bank and a few other places for a while. Sister Alma Julia had to go to the Bank yesterday to get money to pay the workmen, and the crowd of people were so jammed about the entrance that they had to close the doors. Soldiers came with fixed bayonets and lined up so that people could get in a few at a time. Yet when Sister came the people stepped aside to let her through, and the guards opened the door. Sister M. Clare

Karachi

Holy Family Hospital
Karachi, Pakistan

We had an interesting patient, a big black-bearded fellow, Jan Mohammed. He had typhoid, and was delirious when admitted. He insisted that he was not sick. We did not care whether he believed it, but the trouble was that he insisted on acting like a well person. He scorned the custards, soups and jellos which are routine for a typhoid diet. He kept telling his doctor and relatives that we would not give him any *khana* (food). *Khana* to him meant rice and curry. Finally the doctor gave in, and said, "All right, give him curry and rice." He got well on it; because of, or in spite of it, it is hard to say.

We had a lovely Easter. Fortunately we were not too rushed, and had all the Holy Week services in our own chapel. It was wonderful. We had the procession on Holy Thursday through the wards of the hospital. On Good Friday Father took the crucifix through the hospital to our Catholic patients, and let them kiss it. The fire on Holy Saturday was made on our front verandah. Our chapel is very small, but we managed to get in quite a few people, with the servants in the hall. Sister M. Dolores

Holy Family Hospital, Patna

CAPPING CEREMONY

There are now 45 student nurses at Holy Family Hospital, Patna. Six of the students are native sisters. All of the girls are Catholic, two having been received into the Church recently. The School of Nursing was established in 1944, and has graduated 19 students in nursing and midwifery, 4 in nursing and 7 in midwifery alone. The training of native nurses in India is of extreme importance, since there is only one nurse to every 57,000 people. In the United States there is one nurse to every 316 persons.

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

Mother Mary Vincentia, C. S. C.

A young Society as a young child needs helping hands to enable it to stand upright. Mother Mary Vincentia, C.S.C., who died on April 8 was one who gave such assistance to the Medical Mission Sisters. Former Superior General of the Sisters of Holy Cross, Mother Vincentia often showered the Medical Mission Sisters with her characteristic rain of kind favors. Her generosity is not forgotten.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. John J. Hunt
Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Anna T. Hehl
Philadelphia, Pa.

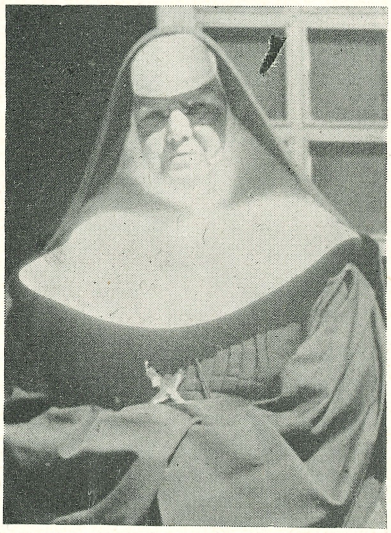
Mr. Elmer Flory
(father of Sister M. Louis)
Toledo, Ohio

Mr. Michael Slavin
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. James F. McIntyre
W. Collingswood, N. J.

Mr. Frank Tennie
Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Edward L. Keyes
New York, N. Y.



Sister Mary Reginald, R. S. M.

Another loss of the Medical Mission Sisters was the death of Sister M. Reginald, R.S.M. on March 27, 1949. When Dr. Dengel first came to America in 1924, she stayed at St. Joseph's Home in New York, of which Sister M. Reginald was then Directress. From that time on she was a devoted and generous friend of Mother Dengel's, and subsequently, of the Medical Mission Sisters.

"My Immaculate Heart will be your refuge and the road that will conduct you to God . . . "

"Pray, pray very much . . . Say the rosary every day"

"Make sacrifices for souls . . . "